

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Tagline Section—Boston Advertiser
Copyright, 1938, in the United States of America by
American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved Under
International Copyright, Including Foreign Rights.
Reproduction in Original or in Translation is
Expressly Forbidden.

Sunday, Jan. 2, 1938



"Empires of the Moon"

*Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course
of History But Failed Because of Some
Tremendous Trifle*

Dramatized From Old Records

by

H. Bedford-Jones

No. 1—Aaron Burr and the Maid of Half-way Hill

"Give up the stars," She Pleaded. "Stetenth, my dear, lies in renunciation, in self-conquest. You must see it! Let others order that first thou fied; not you."

(Story on Page 8.)

WIN an INCOME for LIFE



Just Tell the Editor of The American Weekly
What You Like Best in This Magazine and
You Have This Great Opportunity

**FIRST PRIZE—\$1,200.00 a year annuity
policy—\$100 a month, a comfortable income,
as long as you live.**

**SECOND PRIZE—\$600.00 a year annuity
policy—\$50 a month, a living income, as long
as you live.**

Big cash prizes too! Read the entire list.



HERE'S
ALL
YOU HAVE
TO DO

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY

Reader Test.

"What Interests
YOU---And Why?"

THE Editor of The American Weekly to-
day starts a competitive campaign for
information about your reading prefer-
ences.

He asks that on the five Sundays in Janu-
ary you read The American Weekly and select from
each issue the article which interests you most of
all. Then select the article which to you seems sec-
ond best and after that the article which appeals to
you as the third best in each issue.

Having made your three selections and stated
the order of your preference of those three articles,
the editor asks you to tell him in a short statement,
not to exceed fifty words, your reason for your
selection of your "first choice" article.

Simple—isn't it? And you don't have to do all
this to compete for prizes. Two weeks' selection
will enter you in the race.

A board of judges will assist the editor in pick-
ing out the best and most interesting responses re-
ceived from the readers of The American Weekly.
What a lucky man, woman, boy or girl it will be
whose contribution is awarded first prize by the
judges.

Just think of it:
A living income for life.
An annuity policy from one of our great life
insurance companies.
The company's policy will agree to pay you
\$1,200 a year for life.
The policy will guarantee you a check for
\$100 a month every month so long as you shall
live. An assured future, free from want for
the winner for his whole life.

Entry Coupon No. 1

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST "WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name.....
Print Your Address.....
City..... State.....
County.....
I Was Born..... Day..... Month..... Year.....
Sign Your Name Here.....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue.
DO NOT MAIL IT NOW—Hold it until the close of the Reader Test
after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published,
then mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West
57th Street, New York.

THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY

Reader TEST

"What
Interests
You—
And Why?"

Here Are the Wonderful Prizes You Can Win With Your Answer

1ST PRIZE.....	\$1,200 a year for life, payable \$100 a month.
2ND PRIZE.....	\$600 a year for life, payable \$50 a month.
3RD PRIZE.....	\$3,000 in cash.
4TH PRIZE.....	\$2,000 in cash.
5TH PRIZE.....	\$1,000 in cash.
6TH TO 25TH PRIZES.....	\$50 each.
26TH TO 40TH PRIZES.....	\$25 each.
41TH TO 65TH PRIZES.....	\$10 each.

After the judges have selected the winner of the
grand prize, the editor has another plum for the
person who sends the second best contribution. And
here, too, the winner receives a life income—not as
big as the first prize, but still an amount payable
in the same way as the grand prize, and as long as
you live and enough to keep you in modest comfort.

The second prize is \$600 a year for life—monthly
checks from the big insurance company, each for
\$50 as long as you live.

Then the editor is going to award more prizes—
big cash prizes like these:

For the judges' selection of the third best con-
tribution the editor promises a check for \$3,000.

For the judges' fourth selection there will be a
check for \$2,000.

For the judges' fifth selection the prize will be
a check for \$1,000. Then there will be twenty
prizes of \$50 each for the
next twenty best contribu-
tions and \$25 each for the
next forty best contribu-
tions and thirty-five conso-
lation prizes of \$10 each for
those the judges deem next
deserving.

Sit down in a com-
fortable chair right now with
The American Weekly be-
fore you. Read it carefully.
You will find it tremen-
dously interesting. Make up
your mind which articles
interest you most. Write
down the headings of the
articles you select, number
them first, second and third
choice and then write the
editor a note of fifty words
or less telling him your
reason for your selection of
your "First Choice" story.

The second week you will want to do this again
on your own initiative. You will have found The
American Weekly so absorbingly interesting, infor-
mative and entertaining that you will start reading
it almost without thinking of the prize that may be
won—just reading it for its own incomparable sake.

But don't neglect again to make your selections
of the three preferred articles in that second issue
and again tell the editor why you rated your first
choice article as you placed it.

Each week, for the remaining three Sundays in
January, you will have the opportunity to make
your selection to be sent to the editor of The
American Weekly. Each time you do this you earn one
more chance to win those wonderful prizes, so don't
neglect to make your selections each week of the
five weeks.

Of course you need not do so much for the Editor in
order to compete for the prizes. Read the rules carefully.
They are printed elsewhere on this page. They tell you
exactly what you must do.

There is only one MUST DO item in this Reader
Test. You must make one of your entries on the final
January 31 issue of The American Weekly and completely
fill in and answer the questions asked in Entry Coupon
No. 5. This is the questionnaire coupon mentioned in the
rules.

And note this warning. Hold each week's entry, the
coupon of that week with your selections and reason
therefor attached to it until the end of the Reader Test.
Then in one single mailing send all your selections to the
editor, addressed "Reader Test Department, The Ameri-
can Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York."

2ND PRIZE
PAY TO

WHY YOUR NAME
Be on This Award

\$600.
Every Year
FOR LIFE

RULES
FOR
THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY'S
READER TEST

"What Interests
YOU---
And Why?"

- 1—All competitors must read The American Weekly during the competition period which comprises the five successive Sunday issues of January, 1938, and select the three articles, items, or features, all in the same issue, which make the greatest appeal to their interest.
- 2—Each competitor must rate his selections "First choice," second choice, and Third choice," in the order of his personal preference and state why he makes his "First choice" selection.
- 3—Each explanation of preference rating must be set forth in not to exceed 30 words.
- 4—Clip the entry coupon and fill in the blank spaces as indicated. You must send in one of these coupons for each issue on which you compete. You need not actually clip the coupon from this issue—you may make a facsimile or copy of it and fill in as required in the printed coupon.
- 5—All competitors must send in at least two sets of selections from two separate American Weekly issues and one of these sets must include the selections from The American Weekly of January 30th, the last week of the Reader Test. If only two sets are sent in you have only two chances for the prizes. If all five sets are sent in you have five separate chances for the prizes.
- 6—The prizes will be awarded on the merits of one entry covering your selection from one week's issue only, but all candidates can have five entries and therefore five chances to win a prize, by sending in one coupon and one set of selections with reason therefor, for each Sunday issue of The American Weekly during the contest period.
- 7—Hold your entry coupon and your selections of 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices of features with your explanation for your first choice until the end of the competition.
- 8—With the 10th and last Monday of January issue of The American Weekly there will be printed a questionnaire coupon for the prizes. The magazine section will be printed on the coupon. You must send in one of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is printed on the coupon. You must send in one of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is printed on the coupon. You must send in one of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is printed on the coupon.
- 9—A complete and valid entry in the Reader Test requires at least two sets of your selections, each set attached to the entry coupon from the issue of the American Weekly in which the selections were made. The magazine section of the coupon must be filled in and the coupon must be sent in with the selections.
- 10—All entries must be mailed to "Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York City. All entries must be received by noon on Wednesday, February 25, 1938.
- 11—It is not necessary to purchase the newspaper distributing The American Weekly as its magazine section in order to compete for the prizes. The magazine section will be examined at any of the distributing newspaper publication offices or at public libraries where such newspapers are available, free of any charge whatsoever, and the entry coupon and the questionnaire may be copied therefrom, and these copies used instead of the originals printed in The American Weekly.
- 12—The Editor of The American Weekly magazine section will appoint a board of judges, who will pass on the merits of each competitor's selections and his reasons for his "First Choice" selections, and the judges will designate that entry which they consider best of all those submitted. The person whose entry is selected as the best will be awarded the first prize. The second selection of the judges will be awarded the second prize, and so on, until all the prizes have been awarded. The decision of the judges on the prize winners shall be final and therefrom, and these copies used instead of the originals printed in The American Weekly.
- 13—In case the judge decide that contributions of any of the competitors for any of the prizes are of equal merit, then one of them will be selected by lot. A prize identical with that lost will be awarded to each of the competitors.
- 14—Employees of the newspaper distributing The American Weekly, or their magazine section, or members of the family, shall not be qualified to compete for the prizes.

LOOK FOR THE SECOND CONTEST ISSUE NEXT SUNDAY

out of
17,000,-
Morton
but how
al.

Seventeen-Year-Old Mary Alice Cleary Is the Champion Fancy Bow-and-Arrow Marksman of Nevada. Even in the Position of a Sit-Downer She Makes Bull's-Eyes. She is a Student at the University of Nevada Where She Shows Her Fellow Students How An Ancient Sport Should Be Done.



The Charm of Sit-Down Archers

TIME was when the bow was an important instrument of progress and civilization. At one stage of the world's history it was the equivalent of the modern high-powered rifle. Men used it, in time of peace, to bring down their supplies of fresh meat. And in warfare it decided many a battle and changed the fate of nations.

Like many another outmoded implement, the bow and arrow—except among a few primitive tribes—is no longer of any practical use. But the ingenious "gun" of the ancients has not been entirely forgotten and there are hundreds of men and women in this country who are crack shots with the oldtime weapon.

One of the best archers in America is the pretty seventeen-year-old girl shown in action in the photograph at the left. Her name is Mary Alice Cleary and she does most of her surprisingly skilful bow-and-arrow work on the campus of the University of Nevada, at Reno.

Some of the experts who have matched shots with this straight-shooting young woman say that she is a natural marksman with the old tool of war and the hunt and could show many a Russian in the swashbuckling days of the wild and woolly West how to improve his score.

At the moment Miss Cleary is the feminine archery champ of her State and excels in trick shots. She is a remarkably accurate sit-down shooter and can get more bull-eyes in this position than an average devotee of the archery faith can get standing up, or in a kneeling posture.

Bow-and-arrow addicts who have tried the stunt shown on this page have found that they can't even balance themselves in this position to say nothing of pulling a bow and sending an

arrow into a target a hundred yards or more away.

The Nevada champion is a modest queen of the bow-and-arrow. She never brags about her skill and wouldn't care much if someone took the crown away from her—which isn't likely to happen. She shoots arrows for the fun of it and thinks the sport is as fascinating and healthful as tennis or golf. She has induced many people to take up the pastime.

She knows her bows and arrows, too, and never goes into a championship match sitting down or standing up until she has her favorite bow strung to her satisfaction. If some of her arrows get warped by the weather, she throws them away and replaces the shafts with new ones that she can depend on to go where she aims them.

The "Smilingest" Zoo Picture Ever Taken

IF ALL the pictures of grinning birds and beasts caught by alert photographers were laid end to end, they'd be miles of them. They would include the laughing hyenas of Africa and the

cackling Kookaburra bird of Australia. The gallery would be filled with cute shots of smiling kittens, puffing pigs and snub-nosed pigs looking strangely human with porcine grins.

But it is doubtful if there would be a portrait in the lot that can compare with the quartering view of

the ponderous and wrinkled Roland, the pride of the Berlin zoo before illness and, some said, jealousy for a mate, carried him off. In the opinion of cameramen and scientists this photograph is the "smilingest" picture of an animal ever taken anywhere.

It was made a few weeks before the world-famous sea elephant wheeled his last and presented a major problem in transportation and grave-digging. Roland may, or may not, have been in a jolly mood, but he certainly looked the picture of good-natured contentment. His keepers will always believe that the bear had a sense of humor, for they often noticed that he smiled after a light meal of a couple of hundred pounds of fish—and the curator swears, on oath, that he once caught Roland laughing loudly.

At the time the now celebrated picture of Roland was snapped he

was not aware that a photographer was in the vicinity. He was sound asleep, with his leathery double chin hung over the concrete edge of the pool where he lived and showed off for the delight of spectators.

When the photograph first appeared in German magazines, it stirred up the old controversy about a sense of humor, if any, in creatures outside the human race and the ape tribe. German, French and British zoologists got into the argument and did a lot of scholarly proving and denying.

Some of them said that Roland never had the urge to smile in his life, that it was impossible for the tiny brain of a sea elephant to think an amusing thought, much less register humor.



This Portrait of "Roland," Once the Pride of the Berlin Zoo, Is Said by Many Scientists and Photographers to Be the "Smilingest" Animal Picture Ever Caught by the Camera.



The Styles of 1930 Will Look Like This If the British Dress Designers, Who Recently Put On a Fashion Show, Are Good at Guessing.

What the Well-Dressed Couple Will Wear 30 Years from Now

DURING the past year there have been fashion shows and fashion shows in London, but none of these presentations of what the French call "la mode" caught the interest of fashion creators and the general public like the recent show staged by the British Institute of Dress Designers.

The hit and the storm center of the big parade of styles for men and women were the ultra-modern ensembles shown in the photograph at the left. The sponsors of the show, gazing into the future, did not predict that such outfits for men and women would be seen on the streets of the British Isles, or the European continent, this year or next. But they did prophesy that such get-ups would be standard style for well-dressed couples by the time 1970 rolls around.

The more conservative designers and laymen pool-pooled the capes and abbreviated suits for members of the so-called stronger sex. No he-man, they said, would think of making a public appearance in such "simplified" clothes. Writers for the British newspapers and magazines poked no end of fun at these "tab-de-lal" fashions for the sons of Albion, who pride themselves on their conservatism and their masculinity.

But when we convert to the other side, too, and one eminent Bond Street tailor, who turns out clothes for bankers, business men and members of the nobility, went whole-hog with the daring designers and gave them a pat on the back for "the far-sightedness of their fashion views and their definite contribution to common-sense dress."

One prominent editor, a leader in the movement for the reform of men's fashions, said it was time that masculine clothes were designed for practical comfort, whether they looked "sufficed" or not. He reminded the critics

of the show that it wasn't so long ago that the dandies of the courts of England and Europe went around in much more feminine outfits, topped off with perfumed and curly wigs.

12,000 Plants in England's Living Clock

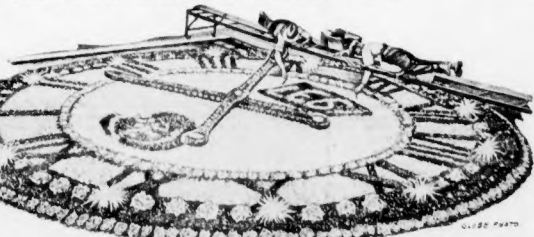
EVERY now and then, some imaginative and ambitious park commissioner breaks out with a floral clock on the order of the one shown in the photograph below. This big, colorful and fragrant timepiece decorates a bank of the Thames River at Southend, England.

The citizens of Southend, determined

not to be outdone by the clock-making gardeners of other European countries, appropriated enough money from the community treasury to do the job up handsomely. Two expert landscape artists worked on the job for more than a fortnight, putting in 12,000 plants, so arranged that they formed the face, the Roman numerals, the date

1937 and, if you like, the clock a distinctly British touch—a regal crown.

The big steel hands are turned by works buried beneath the eye-level and now-purring mechanism of the passing hours and, in fair weather or foul, the clock is kept right on the dot by a local jeweler, who contributes his services.



Twelve Thousand Plants Went Into the Face of This Clock at Southend, England. The Big Steel Hands Are Moved by a Mechanism Underground.

When Courtesy Didn't Pay

THE skippers of steamships and sailing vessels seldom break the long-established "rules of the road" as automobile drivers and jay-walkers are always doing. They are notable for their courtesy, on the high seas and in port. But there is, it seems, such a thing as being too courteous on the water, as a pilot, taking a freighter

out of Boston Harbor the other day, embarrassingly found out.

The pilot gave an incoming oil tanker much more room than she needed—and ran the freighter hard on a shoal. He was called before a board of government steamship officials and given a sharp reprimand for overdoing marine courtesy.

Very Irregular Bridge Manners of the Divorcing Culbertsons

But One Thing the Famous Experts Never Fought About Was the Game That So Often Is "Poison to Married Partners," Driving Some to Murder, Suicide and Divorce



Their One Happy Link, They Say, Is Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson's Bridge Table. Across Which They Are True Lovers. Though They May Quarrel About Everything Else.

THIS selfish game of bridge has caused murder, suicide, unnumbered assaults and so many divorces that Judge William M. Gemmill of Chicago said it should be played only by single persons.

Yet the other day the divorce suit of Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, who probably play more bridge than any other husband and wife in the world, revealed that the "game" was not their trouble but their one, enduring strand of passion and only remaining form of complicity. They are divorcing in spite of it and each selfishly confesses that the other is the perfect bridge partner.

The trouble wasn't that Ely and Maud meant things to her across the bridge table, as many husbands do. They agree on that. Instead, they explained, it was his habit of taking out his ill temper in their domestic life.

"Ely is a loyal partner," said Mrs. Culbertson. "He will remain my friend, and I will continue to work with him. But his temperamental outbursts are impossible for me to live with him. However, he is still my favorite bridge partner."

And here's what Mr. Culbertson explained: "Complete solitude is often my most precious and most necessary requirement. In those moments I am a solitary animal and if disturbed I become unbearable. The wonder to me is not that Jo is divorcing me now, but that she was able to stand my temperamental outbursts all these years. She is still my favorite bridge partner."

Even when the Reno judge pronounces the death sentence to their marriage, it is not to interfere with this one beautiful understanding. They will be divorced from bed and board but never from the little green table. Feed from all the matrimonial chores, they expect to live happily ever after as perfectly-matched bridge partners. This professional admiration is not weakened any by the fact that for many years, including the depression, the game has paid each of them an average of \$100,000 a year. If they can keep this up during the usual span of 40 active working years, each will have collected four million dollars in profits from playing with the fire that burns too skillful hands.

However, if gold is an antidote to the matrimonial poison of bridge, it takes a lot, as proved by the recent case of Robert Landstreet, insurance adjuster of White Plains, N. Y., with a salary of \$5,000 a year. Robert came home one morning just ahead of the millman. His face was sallow and lined and his eyes looked like two holes burned in a blanket. For the past three days he had been too preoccupied with a bridge marathon at a New York night club, even to telephone.

Nevertheless, his conscience was clear and he had something that is better than "it." He did not worry even when he found the front door fastened



Mrs. Ely Culbertson's Husband Couldn't Go With Her to a Bridge Game, So, in Her Disappointment, She Killed Him With a Hammer and Leaving His Body at Home, She Went Alone.

from within, with a bolt that had not been there when he left. Robert pounded and finally shouted:

"Mary! Mary Elizabeth! I can't get in."

In due time Mary Elizabeth appeared at a window, pretty as a picture, though a picture of wrath.

"Night owl, drunkard and woman hater," she remarked, starting to close the window.

"But look!" he cried. "I've won more than a year's salary."

No ordinary wife would have let a husband escape with a whole year's pay in his pocket, until she had taken her cut of at least a few cents. But Mrs. Landstreet slammed the window and took her share later, in the form of a separation allowance.

Harry Meacham, a summer student at the University of North Carolina, played bridge through an afternoon in which he held just one wretched hand after another. Eventually this almost unbroken run of bad luck became more than he could endure. Perhaps it was not entirely luck that always dealt him such impossible cards, so placing his pistol on the table beside him. Harry announced that he would kill the next person who dealt him a "sorry" hand.

The others begged he really didn't mean it, but were relieved that it was the threatener's own deal next.

Meacham looked at his cards, picked up his gun and blew out his own brains. The youth had dealt himself a "Yarborough," a hand without a face card in it.

Divorce is quick and easy these days but often it is not quick enough for the tempers of husbands and wives turned into enemies by the demands of the merciless game. Pretty, blonde, Ely Culbertson, Van Wert's crowning grievance against her husband, Edward

Thomas West

of Pennsylvania, Ohio, was that he had refused to see her keep a bridge engagement at Cleveland.

Mr. West could not attend because he was sick, which was all right, but why should he deprive his young wife of the greatest pleasure of her life?

When Thomas insisted, Ely felt that such cruelty was savage and they quarreled all day in the house and on a trip to the drug store for medicine.

As the hour drew near when she must leave to be in time for that precious engagement, Ely said that her blood suddenly boiled. Going into the kitchen for weapons, the first thing she happened to see was a hammer.

With this behind her back she entered the room of her unsuspecting husband who was sitting on the bed removing his shoes. She struck him on the head with all her strength.

All Ely had to do now was pick the boys of the car out of her husband's pocket in order to gratify her heart's desire. But she had become a "bridge fury" and remembering that the kitchen table had a loose leg, she got it and beat Mr. West's head and face enough to have killed a dozen men.

Then came thought of consequence and the idea of getting rid of the body. With this in view she rolled it in bed clothes and was tying it with a string when she glanced at the clock and dropped everything. There was barely time to change from her blood-spattered dress and keep that bridge date, without which the murder would have been wasted.

She reached the apartment of Miss Mabel Young in East Cleveland just as they were about to find someone in her place. Even so, she had to make them wait a few moments longer while

she washed the blood from her hands.

Ely played until 11:30 that evening and if thoughts of her murdered husband intruded upon the player's mind, they did not upset her game.

After the party was over she spent the night at Miss Young's apartment, without betraying any signs of nervousness, and in the morning she went to her mother's residence where she was arrested. Sentenced to life imprisonment for second degree murder, Ely was eligible for parole in only ten years which will pass weekly in the Marysville State Reformatory will let her play all day, every day, with the other inmates.

Juries seem to feel that under the stress of "bridge madness" men and women are not responsible for acts of violence. Mr. and Mrs. John C. Horn, both with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, went through an evening deep in the spell of the game at the Bennett apartment on Ward Parkway, Kansas City, Missouri. Until midnight no more cutting remarks had been passed than at any ordinary "bridge fight."

Then Mrs. Bennett made a sharp raise of her husband's bid of one spade to four spades. She spread down a good hand but he failed to make the bid.

Thereupon Mrs. Bennett frankly told Mr. Bennett that he always had been a rotten bridge player and always would be. Condemned to this most awful form of premeditation a bridge player can imagine, the husband's face turned white and presently he turned his wife's face red under a couple of slaps. Then he prudently folded up the deadly bridge table but it was too

late. After 20 minutes more talk about how hopeless Mr. Bennett was, his wife got a pistol from her bedroom and with two well-aimed shots fired him so he would never make another mistake. After 20 hours deliberation a jury decided that under the circumstances Myrtle was not guilty of murdering her husband.

In divorce suits the question of how crazy a person has the right to get in a bridge game is of high importance and calls for expert testimony. There being no higher expert than Mr. Culbertson, it is not surprising that one day, as he stepped from a train, he was served with a subpoena to appear as a "bridge expert" in the case of Allen versus Allen in Los Angeles.

Mr. C. Nelson Allen admits that she had exacted slightly in leading to her husband's spade bid. Being a reasonable woman, Mrs. Nelson Allen might have overlooked Nelson's throwing his cards in her face. But when he also kicked the table over, that she thought, was going too far and marked him as a victim of "dementia brachitica," which is ample grounds for divorce in any bridge-minded family.

The divorce of Mrs. Jean Stewart Lingquist of Chicago was likewise the result of a failure to play the right card. Infatuated over her error, she testified her husband gave her a good beating, and she won the suit when he failed to disprove her accusations.

It was after listening to Mrs. Gerald C. Wood's testimony, regarding the extreme "bridge cruelty" of her husband, a Chicago insurance broker, that Judge Gemmill issued his warning



"The Bridge Club,"

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Illustrating the Temper Anxious Possibilities of Bridge—From the Dumb Partner to the Fatal Blow.

Saving Bushmen from "Curse-Killers"

British Government and Australian Missions Find How to Curb the Wicked Witch Doctors Who Wither and Kill Their Superstitious Victims With Bone Pointing Magic

Selecting Their Victim, the Medicine Men Pick a Spot Near His Hut for Their Ceremony and While One Crouches Animal-Like on the Ground, the Other Points the Ritualistic Bone and Goes Through the "Death-Curse."

MELBOURNE, Dec. 8.—The recent "miraculous" recovery of a terrified Australian bushman, who was slowly but surely wasting away because of the dreaded curse of the "bone pointers," has just disclosed that the missionaries and British Government officials in the wild backwoods country have at last found an effective way to overcome the black magic with a touch more powerful magic of their own—a practical application of the simple psychological principle of the power of suggestion.

But it is the same power of suggestion which is the basis of the black art of the Australian medicine men, who work it by pointing a ritualistic bone at a victim and chanting terrible curses until the bone-pointer comes home, he is going to return and die, and he usually does.

So easily enough, what the missionaries did was really just reverse the ritualistic medicine. They merely turned the power of suggestion around and made it work the other way, convincing the "bewitched" bushman they were curing him with a little bone-pointing of their own. To do that, they performed a clever sleight-of-hand trick, along with a harmless peck-to-the "operation," which accomplished nothing at all except just enough to make the native think the cure was being removed.

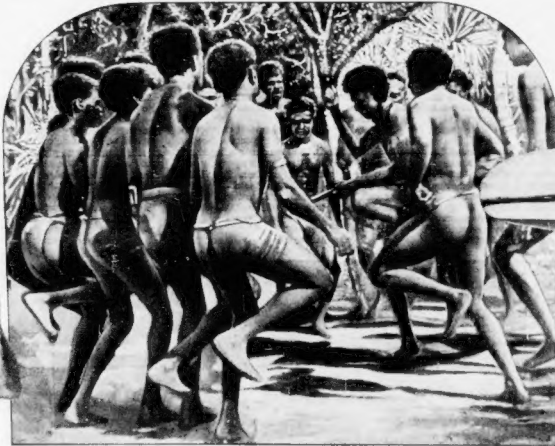
As a result, Hector Winjara, the native, is now healthy and a firm believer in the greater magic of the white man. But a few weeks ago he certainly looked as if poor Hector was on his last legs and would die any minute. One night he came stumbling into the circle of fire light where Dick Davidson, a stockman, had pitched his camp. For a second, the haggard "bushman," scarcely able to stand, looked at Davidson, his eyes wide with terror, and then turned his back on the ground in a wretched state of mental and physical exhaustion.

Mr. Davidson was well acquainted with Hector, but at first he did not recognize this shivering creature, who was writhing around in the dirt, moaning pitifully. The stockman jumped up and bent over to examine the face and when he saw what it was he was just about dumfounded.

"Man alive," he said, "what on earth has happened to you?" It is no wonder that Mr. Davidson was astonished. Hector was a young man, noted for his strength and courage. Only a few years ago he had run fifty miles over some of the roughest and most inaccessible wilderness in the world to tell white men at Wyndham, Northwest Australia, that a German airplane had been wrecked, injuring two airmen who were still alive but in need of help. One flier died, but the other, Hans Bertram, recovered and made an Australian lecture tour, praising Hector wherever he went.

But the last ounce of Hector's courage and strength was gone now, and he looked like an old man with gray hair and emaciated body. It was some time before he recovered enough breath to tell his story, but when he did it

Polished Ceremonial Bone, Decked With Strands of Hair From the Head of the Victim—A Powerful Fetish of the Bushmen and Cause of All the Trouble.



Wild Native Dance of the Bone Pointers Photographed by a Field Missionary Spying Upon the Curse-Killing Ceremonies Outside a Bushman's Village.

was a strange one.

While out hunting, a member of his tribe had fallen on his own spear and died from the injury. But the Australian aborigines, or original inhabitants of the country, are very superstitious and do not believe that such a death is over natural. All the other members of the tribe were sure that something dreadful had happened because he could hear his wife weeping, and when he rushed inside he found her crouched in a corner, weeping from side to side. In front of her was a little white bone, lying on the hard dirt floor.

Hector stared at it, his eyes wide with horror. For he believed there was no possible escape. It was as real to him as the nose or the electric chair of the white man. He could not eat and he could not sleep. For days, he wandered through the wilderness, aware that death was reaching out to clutch

him. He got thinner and thinner and weaker and weaker, as the flesh seemed to melt away from his body like wax in the sun. In an almost incredibly short time he became just a dried up bag of bones, with hollow, feverish eyesockets, and at last he stumbled upon Mr. Davidson's camp, attracted by the fire light.

The stockman did what any white man would do. He tried to get the miserable bushman to eat something and kept telling him the whole thing was a lot of superstitious nonsense. But Hector would not eat and would not listen, and before daylight he plunged off into the forest again, still convinced that death was almost upon him—as it most certainly was.

So Mr. Davidson parked up and went as fast as he could to the nearest outpost of civilization, which was the Forest River Mission. When the minister in charge heard of Hector's plight he sent native trackers to search for him, and after hunting for several days they found him, almost dead from starvation and fright, and far too weak to resist them. So they carried him on their backs to the mission, and then the white men started making their big magic.

First of all they sang hymns, because music is usually an important part of magic, and then they talked to him about the wonders they knew how to perform, and kept on talking until after awhile they could see by the light of hope in his eyes that he was beginning to believe them.

"Our magic is greater than any other magic," they said, "for we are the only ones who know how to take out the little white bone of death that

is drying up the blood in your veins. When we take that out, you will be able to eat and sleep again. You will soon be as strong as you ever were."

One of the members of the mission painted a small white chicken bone in his left hand and with a pocket knife he made a gash in the trembling bushman's arm. As the blood spouted out, Hector stared at it, unconsciously relieved already, for he had begun to believe there was no blood left in him. In a flash, the missionary raised a pass with his left hand and after grasping the wound and holding it tightly for a second, he produced the small white bone, which astonished the native. As a final touch, they poured saline into the cut, and the sharp stinging sensation caused by that left no doubt in the bushman's mind that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.

And the Superstitious Subject Writhe in Horror, Certain, Because He Has Always Been Taught So, That From Now On His Body Will Wither and His Soul Go to Torture Once the Bone Is Tortured.

They had to build Hector up gradually, of course by careful feeding, giving him some four ounces of food at a time. Before long, he was fit to go home, when he went back to his village and the people saw how healthy he looked they were not only willing to accept his magic, but were also prepared to be cured by it.

It seems almost incredible that the white man's magic was mightily powerful stuff.



Typical Victim of the Curse-Killers, Half-Mad and Withered by Fear and Despair, Suffering from the Same Terror That Nearly Killed Hector.



Hector Winjara, Powerful, Healthy Before He Began to Waste Away Under the Psycho-Physical Torture of the Unsubstantiated Curse.

is drying up the blood in your veins. When we take that out, you will be able to eat and sleep again. You will soon be as strong as you ever were."

One day while the wife was alone on the ranch she looked up and saw a terrifying sight in the doorway. It was an old bushman whom she was terrified and who was as wild and thick as a tree trunk. He was wearing a loincloth and a headband, and he was holding a small white bone in his right hand. He was looking at her with a fierce expression, and she was trembling with fear.

Years before he had found the bushman's father, miles from home, his leg broken by a fall from his horse. After catching the horse, he had boasted the father across the saddle and taken him home. So he was a privileged character around the ranch.

But the bride did not know that she had read stories of murders and other outrages committed by savage bushmen, and when she saw this frightful looking old man in the doorway she was so panic-stricken she snatched up a gun and killed him.

The natives on the ranch soon discovered what she had done, and sent word to the old man's tribe. The young husband got home, he found the body of the old bushman lying in the doorway, and his wife stretched out in the living room, unconscious from shock and fright. The next morning there were two small white bones of death on the floor near his head.

When he told his wife about the ancient magic of the bone pointers, and that the tribe had evidently put the curse upon both of them, she tried to laugh away his fears. But the superstitious young rancher would not listen to her. Just as happened to Hector, he could not eat and he could not sleep. Finally one morning he snatched up a revolver and blew out his brains.

The girl was frantic. There she was alone with her husband's body, over a hundred miles from the nearest white neighbors and surrounded on all sides by savage bushmen, whose bone pointing magic had been so real to her husband that he didn't even try to escape it. So there seemed to be only one thing to do, and she did it. She took the pistol from her dead husband's hand and turned it on herself.

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records
by H. Bedford-Jones



Aaron Burr. From a Painting by G. Stuart.

No. 1—Aaron Burr and the Maid of Half-Way Hill.

BEYOND the telephone summons I walked into Patton's apartment, wondering what empire of the moon he was now wandering.

Patton collected conspiracies as other men collect books or pictures; plots that all but changed the world's history. He weighs nearly three hundred, wears embroidered black-rimmed spectacles as light as a cat on his feet, and pursues his hobby with contagious enthusiasm. He welcomed me with his booming laugh.

"Come in! Glad to see you! I've got a great one! The biggest news story of the age! It's that it had come off!"

"More empires of the moon, eh?" I said.

"Conspiracies that failed. Front page banners if they'd exploded skulls that died. You call that interesting?"

"What's more interesting than inside information?"

"He rubbed his hands. He had no more there. Why did they fail? There's the big thing! Inside information!"

"Maybe. You ramble across the centuries like a headless horseman. I suppose you've just unearthed something that happened in Cleopatra's day?"

"Ah! Tiptoe on the trace of such a plot was, but this one happened yesterday, right here in our own back yard in the Mississippi 'conspiracies' he chuckled. And if it's a plot, it's been spotted at the very moment the history of North and South America would have changed right there. Harry, I've solved the secret of Aaron Burr's conspiracy!"

"So what?" I asked irritably. "Burr was a racist, killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, was tried for treason and acquitted, and lived out his life a despised failure?"

"That's the accepted version. Disputed by all who know him—why? Because he hadn't accomplished what they expected. Why not? There's the story. He tossed a number of letters at me. I caught them."

"I brought them to an auction sale. Nobody seems to have bothered to read them. Overwritten history! Inside information! Look 'em over while I make some coffee. Then I'll give you the yarn."

Patton turned to the electric stove and began to crush away at his coffee grinder. He has an infernal habit of making strong fresh-ground coffee at all hours.

I looked over the letters. The address on each one had been blotted out. The only signature was "M." It was the writing of a woman. Old faded letters from the year 1807. Glancing over one and another I caught significant names—Jefferson, General Wilkinson, Andrew Jackson. Phrases jerked at my interest.

"Who was this woman?" I demanded.

"Madeline Price, the loveliest woman in Burr's life." Patton tugged his pungent beard, lifted his eyes, and rolled a drop or two over his tongue. "Ah! This is real ambrosia. Reason I never married, Harry. Never found a woman who understood how to make coffee. Now, you take the average woman—"

"Back to Madeline Price," I broke in. "Who was she?"

"LAST by what small ways and means are great affairs brought to destruction," mourned Claudius, the Latin epic poet.

"A trifle makes a dream—a trifle breaks," sang the English poet Tennyson some fifteen hundred years later. And buried away in half-forgotten archives are musty records which deal with 'great affairs' that would have changed the history of the world had they not been brought to destruction by some 'small ways and means'—dreams of Empire on Earth that were broken by some trifle and became only 'Empires of the Moon'—unsubstantial as the moonbeams.

The American Weekly begins on this page today a series of feature-fact-fiction stories dealing with these tremendous triffles—a woman's kiss, an open window, a stolen glove—wrecking from their course conspiracies which would have changed history.

They have been painstakingly and vividly dramatized from old records, documents and letters by the brilliant novelist, H. Bedford-Jones. They are historical fact in fiction form, written as some gifted onlooker of the time might have told them.

Levelness incarnate! Levelness of the body and the true, unbiassed loveliness of the spirit. Her spirit was the grain of dust that started the avalanche and swept Aaron Burr's great conspiracy into ruin.

"Never mind that," I said. "Who was this woman?"

Patton brought me a cup of icy milk, set a silver coffee pot on the tray beside his huge comfortable chair, and with a rich subdued comfort. Then he shot me a queer look.

"You know, sometimes a man gets a flash of the beyond," he said solemnly. "A spiritual glimpse of what lies ahead and death and God really are. He thinks he comprehends everything, then his brain goes out. He can't recall a detail of what I got that, somehow, when the story came to me. What a feature story it would have been!"

First, get the picture, the background. Burr had been Vice-President. Now, away down the Mississippi, he had founded a tremendous conspiracy. He was arrested at Natchez, but a grand jury refused to indict him for treason in raising an army. There was no proof. Yet the whole country knew something was up, and was aflutter with the knowledge. Rumor said that Burr wanted the South to secede from the North, that he aimed to make himself master of Mexico, that he was raising an army to conquer Louisiana—nothing was too wild to be credited. In Natchez, he was legally ordered to report daily to the court; he was under constant watch. Gossip said he would never leave town alive. His friends took alarm. They had put up bail for him, and advised him to jump it and escape. Here on the edge of civilization,

soaked to the skin but uncomplaining. He was one of those men whose unexpressed fires have made history, who rise above any personal fatigue or hurt: none to whom the body is a small thing, the spirit everything. Such a man may be on a throne or in a machine shop, ruling a country or a vast business. He may not be in high position, but he is always alone, a man apart. Just as Aaron Burr, despite his friends, was alone.

Alone, because he had a vision. Others might respect him, love him, admire him, but few could share his vision. Colonel Osmun was one of those few.

Two thousand dollars is offered for his capture, Osmun, he said abruptly. "Won't one of Miss Price's slaves or servants be tempted to betray me?"

"She has none," said Colonel Osmun, regret in his deep voice. "Last month I bought the five slaves she had left. She's alone there with her old mother. I lost after the plantation, she'll get along. Proud as the devil, and a wonderful woman. Her father was an army officer, a friend of Jackson. Haven't you met her?"

"Several times in Natchez and during the trial or mockery of a trial," Burr's face lit up a trifle. "God! I never dreamed she was poor. She seemed like some fairy princess!"

"So she is," affirmed the other. "The toast of the territory. The Maid of Half-Way Hill, they call her, the maid who knows all, who knows into all hearts, well, well, I tell you that young woman knows more political secrets than most men!"

"I can well believe it. If look out, look

treason. Arrest him, indeed! More likely you seek to help him."

Peters shook his head and produced a folded document. He opened it, held it up. "General Wilkinson is no traitor, there's the order under his own seal. Help Burr, eh? Help him to hell! If you get any word of him, I beg you to inform me at Natchez. The rascal will get his head on a pike as a rule on the way if I arrest him! He'll have no chance to save his skin by slippery sea talk."

With a wink and a chuckle, the other stepped aside. The two men rode on. Ahead of them, the trace faded, and here Osmun drew rein. He sat staring at Burr.

"Good God, Aaron! You understand that this means?" You can't seek safety at New Orleans now. We'll lose the city. Jackson will draw rein. He sat staring at Burr.

"Good God, Aaron! You understand that this means?" You can't seek safety at New Orleans now. We'll lose the city. Jackson will draw rein. He sat staring at Burr.

Burr's face was gray and drawn. "This is the end," he said simply. "No more delay, no more hesitation, now the word goes out. This Peters is on Wilkinson's staff. There's no doubt that Wilkinson has turned against us. Good! It simplifies everything. Five hundred men are waiting to join us at New Orleans. We'll lose the city. Jackson will come downriver, picking up the other contingents and joining us—first I must have sleep and food. And we must contact with Captain Narvaez from New Orleans."

"He should arrive tomorrow," said Osmun. "I left word for him to come on to my plantation. Morgan and Grey will be there tomorrow."

Much now depends on what Narvaez reports. Burr said nothing. He represented Miranda and the revolutionists in



The Historic Duel Between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton in Which Burr Killed Hamilton and Brought Political and Social Ruin Upon Himself. From an Old Print.

horse to the right. Twenty minutes later he came to Half-Way Hill.

He slipped from his horse at the sign of the clearing and went on ahead, pale as paper, even here, his new piece of safety, he might find a trap laid. The afternoon was nearly gone. A thin coil of smoke hung over the chimney of the log house ahead, the mud in the chinks was smothered nearly, curtains showed at the windows, traces of flower-beds about the building hinted at summer beauty that had fled.

Burr staggered a little as he approached, even his strong vitality was sapped by fatigue and hunger and keen tension. He knocked and waited. The door swung open, and only then did he relax.

He crossed his sudden white hair and looked. His hair was a sticky mass, his people matted and plastered by the rain. His brown fur coat and buff waistcoat, his very face, were mud-matted and all out of shape, yet the laughter, the fiery vigor of his hand eyes kindled suddenly as he looked at the girl before him.

"Madame, I do not know if I have the right."

Her hand went out to him. "Welcome, Colonel Burr." One of Colonel Osmun's slaves brought me a note from him this morning. Come in, come in! Welcome to Half-Way Hill. I wish only I could give you a welcome more warmly of you, sir. You're safe here, Osmun."

He stepped into the darkening room, a surprisingly large room, with a fire in the wide fireplace at one end.

"It's good of you, he said. 'Very good of you.'"

His words died as he met her eyes. A simple homely dress, the bodice cut low, the sleeves edged with twisted red yarn, shows of clumsy cut with pocket buckles, two black braids of hair, raven black, and the eyes, glowing pools of black, light. They were staring, he searched him hungrily and unashamed, penetrated him with a singular entrancing force. And then she was speaking, not saying the expected thing at all.

"When we met in Natchez you were Colonel Burr. Now you are a hunted man. I'm glad to see that all the evil things they may of you are not true. You're too weary for any deception. I'll go on and take care of your horse, make yourself comfortable. There's a basin by the fire. We have only one bedroom you see, and my mother's in there. It's quite safe. You need have no fear. Just the two of us here."

She was gone, leaving him amazed and bewildered. The door closed. He went to the fireplace and a deep sigh escaped him; he was too weary to try to understand anything. The warmth gathered him in and lulled his senses. He dropped off, wet and waistcoat, dropped them on the long rough-hewn settle that faced the fire, and saw the pallet at his feet. A thin patterned blanket, a worn red pulsed back invitingly. He sighed again, sat down to pull off his wet boots, relaxed for just one invigorating breath of rest, and was asleep with the first long-drawn breath.

Hours later, he came suddenly awake. The fire had died down to a red glow. A single candle flickered. Darkness and a breath of fresh air from the open door, and the voice of a man standing there. His own name, a clutch of horror gripped at his heart.

after that damned Colonel Burr—excuse me, Miss. That huss looks like he'd been rode powerful hard. You've seen him, liberty? A right smart man, blue coat, white hat—"

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" burst out the voice of Madeline Price, her eyes wide with relief that Burr's heart contracted again. He stared at the black pallid shadows, and listened. "Do come in, come in! You must look at my mother. Yes, that's the doctor's horse. He's here, and he's drunk and is asleep. Please come in."

"Look at your ma!" rejoined the man.

(Continued on Page 16)



Francisco de Miranda, Who Helped Finance Burr for His Scheme of New World Conquest.



The Arrest of Aaron Burr, As Pictured in an Old Engraving.



Theodosia Burr, Daughter of Aaron Burr, Who Disappeared at Sea and Was Never Found.

too, no man's life was safe. Burr hoped to reach New Orleans. General Wilkinson commanded there; he was in the plot, and Burr counted on him as a friend and backer. So, on February fifth, 1807, Colonel Burr disappeared from Natchez."

Patton paused to gulp at his coffee.

Now get the father picture," he resumed. "Spain, roused Florida, Mexico, all South America, territory seething with revolt. Down there was the patriot Miranda, an apostle of freedom. He had been a general in the armies of the French Revolution; and now was back in the New World fighting to cast off the Spanish yoke. His agent in New Orleans, one Captain Narvaez, shipped him money, arms, men, and constituted a link with Burr. Now—"

Patton pointed to the letters. "Look at those! I want to make you see two men riding from Natchez, riding on two men. Hard-jawed Colonel Osmun, a plantation owner, an old soldier, a fine gentleman. Behind him, yawning in the saddle with fatigue and weariness and hunger, a smaller man, his garments plastered with dust and mud. A man worn to the bone, but a man with strange fire in his eyes—"

The smaller man shivered with cold,

out! Men ahead there—take the lead and do the talking." Burr rode back. "If they haven't my description, I'll not be recognized under this slither of mud!"

Something stirred the bushes. Hand on pistol, Osmun kept the lead. They were following a "track," a rule, a season road cut through the brush. Four men appeared with rifles ready, a fifth stepped out and blocked the way, his hand uplifted.

"Your names, gentlemen?"

Osmun rapped out an oath. "What damned impudence is this? I'm Colonel Osmun, riding to my own plantation. This is the doctor from Natchez. Who the devil are you?"

The other drew back with a clumsy salute. "Sorry, I'm Lieutenant Peters of the New Orleans garrison. Looking for Colonel Burr."

"What do you want with that blasted traitor?" rapped Osmun. "Trying to join him?"

"Peters grinned. 'Long enough to start him south. I've just come from your plantation. I regret to have troubled you. I have orders from General Wilkinson to arrest Burr.'"

"A likely story!" Osmun grinned. "Your commander is said to be a partner in Burr's

Mexico and Caracas. He's got to have definite word from them. We need only tell Jackson to move—and six-star General Adair of Kentucky is at Memphis, and answers for six hundred men. Shall I come to your place tomorrow?"

"You stay hid, we'll come to you," Osmun looked at him with struggle in the hard features. "Burr, I love you like a brother. I believe in you. I risk my life for you. But I implore you, no madness! You swore you'd wait until war with Spain was declared. You have Jefferson's sanction, only on that ground."

Burr flung out his hand. "It's now or never! Jefferson's been threatening war for months and hasn't declared it. Wilkinson has betrayed him and betrayed me. Tomorrow the orders go out. With two thousand Tennessee riflemen, we'll seize New Orleans. Nothing else for it. Say no more. Now it's do or die—quite literally! Goodbye!"

Osmun nodded and gripped Burr's hand—but there was dismay in his eyes.

"I'll send word over tomorrow about the meeting. Give Mistress Price and her mother my heartfelt compliments. Follow the trace, and you'll be safe with her."

Burr saw Osmun disappear among the trees to the left, and turned his own weary

Important New Discoveries About Your Fat

Every Ounce of It in the Body Is Changed Every Few Weeks, Also All Water Is Renewed Every 21 Days, Salt Every 22, Iron Every 300, and Once in 7 Years We Get an Entire New Skeleton



The Circus FM Lady Attains Huge Physical Proportions Because Her Body Has Stored Away More Fatty Tissue Than It Can Use Even Under "Rainy Day" Conditions. While the Thin Man Uses Up the Material Faster Than He Can Store It.



The Woman Worrying About Her Waistline Soon Realizes What a Job It Is for Her System to Keep That Supply of Fat. The Sketch Shows a Woman of the "Dreadful Period" When the Styles Had No Consideration for Nature. So It Became Necessary to Wear Tight Laced Corsets.

HUMAN beings are entirely constructed of food and though the body was originally born in an iron box, everybody is reborn there with surprising frequency. Since nearly all foods deteriorate after a while, even in the refrigerator, why don't these same perishable materials get laid in the warmth of the living body?

Apparently that is exactly what does happen, according to ingenious experiments on fat and other ingredients of the body, recently described by Professor Rudolf Schoenheimer of Columbia University School of Medicine. Otherwise why should Nature undertake the staggering job of renewing all the stored-up surplus fat of even the fattest man or woman every few weeks? Presumably fats start to get rancid inside the body as they do outside, but then all the other materials go sour, get rusty or start to crumble. Salt keeps indefinitely in the kitchen shelf but in the economy of the body it is thrown out every 22 days. All the water is renewed every 21 days. At ordinary room temperature meat starts to spoil in a hurry, yet in the body its nitrogenous content lasts an average of 290 days. This comes within ten days of being as durable as iron within the system.

One might suppose that the calcium in the bones of the skeleton would be more need to be chiseled out and replaced than the bricks in the wall of a house. But even this is going on so constantly that each person gets a new skeleton every seven years. The amount of energy and materials devoted in this endless renovation is so staggering that one wonders if it is necessary and what would happen if the everlasting rebuilding were allowed to slow down.

There is good reason to believe that this very thing happens to all the higher forms of animal and vegetable life, appearing in the unweelcome phenomenon of old age, which puts an end to most everything, from man to a blade of grass. If no other peril brings the end sooner. However, old age and death are not absolutely essential to Nature because a few lowly forms of life, such as the one-celled amoeba, never grow old and never die except from starvation or some sort of accident such as being eaten. Death is the price of improvement, giving evolution a chance to introduce new models.

Professor Schoenheimer tagged his fat molecules with an atom of heavy hydrogen. In connection with the discovery a few years ago of heavy water, delicate tests have been developed by which the heavy hydrogen atom it contains, instead of the ordinary light kind, can be easily detected. The method is to use some of the heavy water to make certain food materials, such as fats. These fats contain hydrogen and the fat molecules seem to be indifferent whether the hydrogen they take is the heavy or ordinary kind. But having once fastened the heavy hydrogen on a fat molecule, the biochemist can spot that molecule wherever he finds it in or out of the body.

Little does the woman, worrying about her waist line, realize what a job it is for her system to keep that supply

of fat where it annoys her. If anyone should be foolish enough to eat a piece of meat, it would make him sick, of course. Yet the first thing the stomach and intestines do with fats is to convert them into liquid soaps and the reason fats and fried things, so often make persons sick is because this and other parts of the task are sometimes too much for the digestive machinery. The purpose of the soap-making is not to coat the intestines but the first step toward getting fats into soluble condition, in which they can be put aboard the system's railroad, the blood stream, and shipped wherever needed. This now becomes one of the responsibilities of the liver and there is no big business to be compared with the activities of that organ.

Bile, discharged from the liver into the intestines, hurls these soaps up and combines with them in such a form that they pass through the lining of the intestines into the tiny blood vessels next to it. The bile particles have now led the fat particles into the blood, but still they are of no value, while still locked in the embrace of the bile. The combination goes tumbling around until finally it blunders into one of the capillaries to the bile's bone, the liver. The liver promptly divorces the bile from its prize which is sent back to the blood stream again alone, while the bile is dumped back into the intestines to perform its act over again. Detached from the bile, the fat molecules further adventures are largely a matter of luck. Some of them are burned up to provide energy.

They are billions of infinitely tiny fire but just as true combustion as goes on in a stove. The red corpuscles rolling along give up some of the oxygen with which they loaded up at the lungs. The oxygen combines with the hydrogen of the fat molecule, giving off heat and having as the final product, water, which has been called the ashes of burnt oxygen and hydrogen. The fat molecule has been destroyed but if it was one of Prof. Schoenheimer's specially-made ones, he can still identify its ashes, for because of that heavy hydrogen atom the ashes are heavy

STORE HOUSE

The Blood Stream Carries Supply Materials of the Body Readily Like a Conveyor Belt in a Factory, Bringing Substances from the Stomach, or Stomach, to the Various Departments That Need Replenishment.

water. Another part of the fatty material may be stored in special warehouse cells, most of them located just underneath the skin. If a person is fatter than he should be, this is because his body has laid up more of this fatty treasure than he can possibly use.

This matter of fat storage is where Prof. Schoenheimer's new discoveries have a large part of their present importance. It had been assumed that the stored fat merely stayed there, like currency locked up in the vaults of a bank, waiting for the depositor to call for it. But the new tests re-

veal that it is handled more like the meat at the butcher's and the vegetables at the grocer's. These merchants may always have a large stock, but they never mean to keep any of it very long. That is what the system does with its fat and probably for the same good reason, in present parlance.

Because no human beings would care to eat the professor's special, home-cooked fats and then be taken apart in the interest of science to see where the fat molecules went, rats are made to perform this service. Identified by their heavy hydrogen, it was found that none of the fat molecules remained in storage more than a few weeks at the longest. After this they were put back into circulation to be used up and fresh stock placed on the rat's fat shelves.

To lose weight it is only necessary to give the system less material for replacement than it will take out of storage every day as a matter of habit and policy. Or by sufficient exercise, burn up more than the bile can produce and at the same time provide the usual quota for replacement.

Another fact which Dr. Schoenheimer's labored molecules have disclosed is that some kinds of fat go into storage less readily than others and some are more readily. That is, there are some kinds which the body seems to prefer spending right away rather than putting in the bank or even keeping in the pocket book. Butter is one of the fats with which the system likes to be a spendthrift. If it were possible for a fat person to eat only the easy-going kind of fats, he should be able to reduce his corpulence.

Indeed, when Professor Schoenheimer's results first were announced, many people jumped to the conclusion that butter was proved to be non-fattening, contrary to the advice of all food experts in the past. This would be true if butter were made entirely of the kind of fat which gives it its special character, the fat made from the chemical called butyric acid. Unfortunately for the hopes of fat people who like butter, this is not true. Butter contains more of this special kind of fat than any other ordinary food, but the percentage still is small, only about five or six per cent. Most of the substances of butter are made up of the same kinds of fat that exist in lard or olive oil. And to say, "The method of labeled molecules has not yet disclosed any actual forms of life. They have the power and initiative to tear apart the chemical structure of foods and put them together in other forms."

These would seem also to be the ones that put the fat molecules into storage and yank them out again before they begin to smolder. Presumably they are the bulky workmen in the liver who smash up a rusty old red corpuscle, salvage its hemoglobin and ship it to the marrow where others perhaps forge it into a new one. As might be expected, not all these giant are good citizens, working in the interest of the system. Some commit sabotage and if they get the upper hand, put the entire body into the bankruptcy of death. Among these are the shape of the molecule, snail-like the common cold, yellow fever and infantile paralysis.

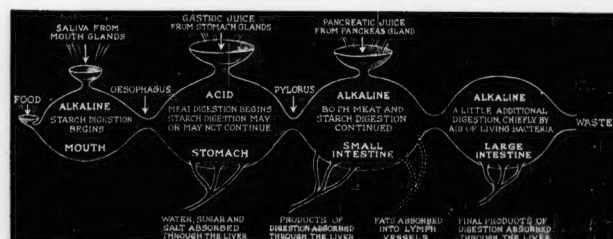
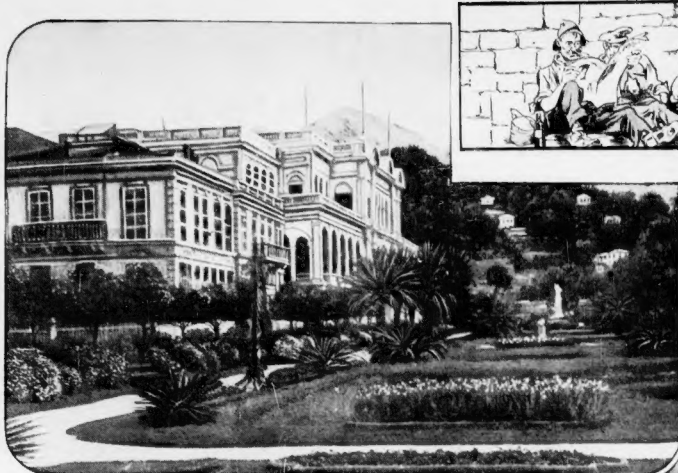


Diagram Showing How Food Items Eventually Reach the Liver Which Divorces the Bile from the Soaps Fat and Sends It Back to the Blood Stream Again Alone, While the Bile is Dumped Back Into the Intestines to Perform Its Act All Over Again.



The Luxurious Nouveau Casino at Mentone Whose Director Had the Idea of Dressing Up Some "Ash Can Aristocrats" and Giving Them Stakes to Bet Against the Wealthy Tourists, but Couldn't Afford Their Liquor Bills.

© 1934 by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved
PARIS, Dec. 24.

"ASH CAN" nobility is the latest and most startling sight to greet the tourist in Europe. These aristocrats are the ruined descendants of titled ancestors who, like themselves, once lived in luxury in palace and castle. Though still noble these impoverished wrecks of formerly exalted families are now down and out, unemployed, unemployable and therefore reduced to beggary.

At Cannes, Baron Gunther-Kerene-Hoyningen holds out a silk hat and frankly begs while his elderly girl friend, Nathalie Briger, once famous beauty and favorite of Czar Nicholas of Russia, is a rag-picker.

Prince Bariatinsky, grandson of the Czar, sells newspapers; Countess Savorgnan de Brazza sells tobacco; the daughter of the Marquis de Sainte-Sauveur dances nude in night clubs; Prince Zerechenko is a dance hall gigolo; and the Count de Fetard is so broke and democratic that he will dine with most anyone free, though you may have to make him a small "loan" to get his dress suit away from the tailor and his dress shirt from the laundry.

Prince Ladislav Voronievski was in court recently for having stolen nine chickens from a hen-coop. Baroness Amelie de Traux died of starvation, and so did Zoubkoff, the former Kaiser's divorced brother-in-law.

Of all these tattered aristocrats who were rich, important and proud before the Great War that made the world safe for nobody, one of the easiest to meet is Baron Hoyningen. No introduction is required, but a guide or other native of Cannes will be useful to identify the Baron or otherwise the tourist would think him just a common tramp, except for one thing—his high hat. Most any pleasant afternoon the Etonian noble is to be found on some street corner, with tousled hair, baggy ragged trousers and bleary eyes as he extends this silk hat which has miraculously retained all its perfection. It is all he has left of the gorgeous past.

Place in the hat the price of a double brandy and the reward will be such a courtly bow and elegant speech of thanks that anyone knows at once that this is a most exalted kind of beggar. A male tourist is also entitled to a handshake and a feminine one to have her hand kissed. One of the infallible signs of breeding is the ability to bid farewell and depart quickly and gracefully. The Baron will do this in the direction of the nearest bar. The tourist is welcome to follow and, at the cost of a few drinks, hear the story of the Baron's life, and why he saves his silk hat. It is a good story, but he leaves out some of the best chapters.

Especially he won't tell who murdered Paulino, the clowning grave digger of Cannes. Perhaps this is because many a franc has been dropped into his hat by grateful citizens who think he did it.

On the outskirts of the city is the Villa Mimosa, which is not quite as impressive as it sounds. In fact it is an ancient vermin-ridden rookery which sways in the wind but never quite tumbles down. Here both noble and ignoble fringe of better days and here, one morning, was found the body of Paulino, strangled with strips of cloth. Most of the other "guests" of the place were so drunk that the police believed their statement that they had slept through the murder.

The only one they did not believe was the Baron, whom they charged with the crime and jailed. Investigation showed that not long ago the Baron and Nathalie had been the friends of better days, the Duchess of Noailles, to let them witness a revue she was giving on her estate to help the city's poor. Their behavior was perfect, but next day as the Duchess sauntered down to her private beach she was shocked to see the Baron and the once lovely chum of the Czar had assembled all the tramps from the Villa and were going through a travesty of the revue, even mocking the Duchess herself.

The reason this incident was important to the police is because Paulino, the grave digger, happened to be rowing along the shore and seeing a lot of tramps enjoying themselves on a private beach

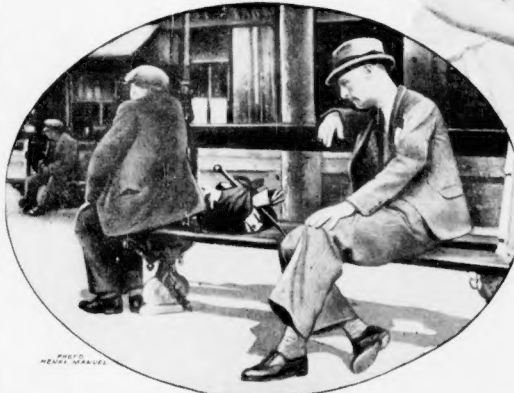


"Ashcan Ar"

Tragedies, Comedies and Farces of Royalty, Who Have Been Reduced to Shabby Tricks and Devices to Keep Even to Competing With the



The Squalid Bar Near Grasse Frequented by Baron Hoyningen, Nathalie Briger and Paulino, the Grave Digger.



Primer Bariatinsky, Grandson of Czar Alexander II, in the Only Suit of Clothes He Has Left, Sitting Dependently on a Bench Beside a Paris Vagabond.



Prince Pierre Vaynski When He Was Spending a Fortune on Mme. Caroline Otero, Who Is Shown Sitting on His Knee.

clinging to the lowest dregs of life, sometimes competing with rats and dogs for scraps of meat and wilted vegetables in garbage cans instead of committing suicide. Many do take that way out. There was the Countess of Toulouse-Lautrec, who killed herself at Nice after being condemned by the local court for stealing bed sheets from the cheap hotels she patronized.

There was the Prince Nicholas Karageorgievitch, cousin of the late King of Yugoslavia, whose career of refugee, drunkard, deadbeat and drug addict took him through an astonishing series of adventures, including twice getting into the morgue.

Exiled to Siberia after the Russian Revolution, Prince Nicholas managed to escape, at the end of the war, and make his way to France. While resting in Paris and waiting for funds to arrive he made the mistake of giving an interview in which he said his royal cousin the king was all wrong politically and how he was going to stir things up at Belgrade when he reached there. When His Majesty read about this he decided he had troubles enough without importing any more and telegraphed a strong diplomatic hint to the French Government, which refused to issue a passport.

After this, the Government of Yugoslavia was a bit slow in making up its mind how much pension to grant the Prince and, thinking to speed things up, because the late King despised dancers, Nicholas took a job as dancer in a night club. This brought quick action. The Court at Belgrade not only decided to grant no pension at all but struck his name from the list of princes of the royal blood.

Long before this the Prince had been divorced from his wealthy American wife, the former Dorothy Snyder, who said he had loved the bottle more than herself. The financial shock of the divorce had put him on the wagon, but this new disaster knocked him off again, which in turn cost him his dancing job.

landed to join the fun. Paulino was not in the class with the Baron and Nathalie socially nor were they in his class financially because the grave digger had a good steady job and lived comfortably. But now Paulino, who boasted that he had two feet in the grave, became a social climber and paid court to Nathalie.

The "cemetery farmer," as he called himself, moved into the Villa and what he saved on room rent he spent on liquor and other attentions to the rag-picker. There was evidence that the pauper Baron had been jealous of this comparative plutocrat, and the police believed that he had satisfied himself by strangling Paulino. Nathalie, after thinking the arrest over a few days, went down to the station and confessed that she had done it in defense of her honor because Paulino had attacked her.

The police scoffed at this for many reasons, particularly because the grave digger, though weak in mind, was physically a Hercules. Those still delicate aristocratic hands of Nathalie, hardly strong enough to fish rags from ash cans, could never have strangled that giant.

They were more inclined to believe the theory advanced by the Baron's lawyer that Paulino had been murdered by members of the Grave Diggers' Guild, with whom he had been at constant war. Theories because he could and would dig two graves in the same time and for the same price that an ordinary man would dig one and single-handed he had broken a grave diggers' sit-down strike.

On that occasion the strikers sitting around on other graves watched until Paulino, working like a steam shovel, had gotten to the bottom of his excavation. They assembled around it, heaping threats and finally stones on the strike-breaker's head. At this the angry giant clawed his way out, hurled the first half dozen he could lay hands on into the grave and was stamping on the topmost body when some of the cemetery authorities arrived and persuaded him that it was not a seemly thing to do.

The good citizens of Cannes were tired of Paulino and expressed the opinion that whoever put him in a grave permanently would be a public benefactor. They disliked his habit of singing ribald songs at his work, but he was even more unpopular in his hours of leisure, which he improved by attracting crowds of tourists with the offer to swallow a live frog whole for ten francs.

Not that it was not worth forty cents to eat a kicking frog, but having done so Paulino always went on to boast that he was the champion grave digger of the city and tell how many he had dug in the week. Cannes is a famous health resort, where people are supposed to live forever, so this was a poor sort of advertising. Anyhow the Baron was not kept in jail very long and his tattered romance has gone smoothly on ever since. Only the cemeteries mourn their loss. One of them buried the champion frog and there was talk of an epitaph:

A GRAVE DIGGER
NOT
A GOLD DIGGER

But certain townsfolk took this as a personal affront and the idea was dropped.

It is a wonder that these noblemen and noblesomen who have fallen from such heights, still



“Nobles”

Down-and-Out Nobility, Even Dropped From Riches and Power to Keep Themselves Alive— Alley Cats of Paris



D. Nathals
Bruger, One
of the Favorites
of Czar Nicholas
las, Now the Rag-
Picking Girl
Friend of Baron
Hauptmann, Whose
Jealousy May Have
Caused the Murder of
Prince Nicholas.
Glorious Days of the
Czar, He Was the
Favorite of the Czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.



"Most any afternoon the
Eulmann noble, Baron
Hauptmann, is to be found
on some street corner, with tattered hair, broken, once
trousers and heavy eyes as he extends his silk hat which has miraculously retained all its perfection.
It is all he has left of the gorgeous past and it is no wonder that these noblemen who have fallen from
such heights sometimes compete with rats and dogs for scraps of meat and called
vegetables in gutterous ways.

Not long ago he paid a full day of his life for
himself. He was taking a taxi to the beach, a girl with
to a diversion. As he left the beach, a girl with
him.

"If I see you tomorrow,"
he was. Taking a taxi to the beach, a girl with
down a vase of morphine pills, a small bottle, he
to a diversion. As he left the beach, a girl with
him.

"If I see you tomorrow,"
he was. Taking a taxi to the beach, a girl with
down a vase of morphine pills, a small bottle, he
to a diversion. As he left the beach, a girl with
him.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

...the man who had been the favorite of the czar, now the rag-picking girl friend of Baron Hauptmann, whose jealousy may have caused the murder of Prince Nicholas. Glorious days of the czar, he was the favorite of the czar.

The Ambros
But Unready
Employee was a
Success of Entitled
Dances between himself
and the House and Room
The Little Is often the Key
That Closes These Doors
Let Us Charles Ford Will Be in
German Art

By Charles A. Drake, Ph.D., D.C.S.
Consulting Industrial Psychologist; Fellow
American Association for Advancement of
Science; Member American Consulting
Psychologists' E.

E

[illegible]

And What's Your Answer to Query No. 1?

ever spoke!

Even after such throat-taxing scenes, ANN SOTHERN finds Luckies gentle on her throat..

[illegible]

3 I STILL ENJOYED MY LUCK ESTIMATE

5 TOBACCO AUCTIONS MOVE A slight
mini-spike. Auctioneers, buyers,
warehousemen and other experts
mostly able to under the quality of
tobacco at a glance. So here, a lot
that speaks volumes. Sworn

"YOUR NEWS PARADE" with Edwin C. Hill
Mon. thru Fri. over CBS 12-15 a.m. E.S.T.

The Camera Catches a Killer Plant Red-Handed



A Beetle, Taken by the New Camera, Shows the Under Hand Apparatus for the Secretive, Harness-Making of the Vegetable Killer.

Grand Camera
T S T M

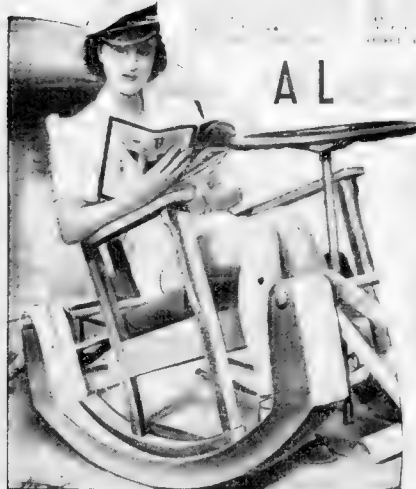
The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.

The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.



Right the Usual Way. In fact, the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.

Below: The Camera Caught the Beetle Red-Handed. The Beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.



ALUWRC E

T T H O C E

AH B G F

Along the
"Sweep" of the
Rocking Chair is
a Comfortable
Chair Which
When Moved
Back and Forth
Moves the
Driving Arms
That Turn a
Public Wheel.

Right

A Side View of
the Ultra-Modern
Boat Which
Transforms
Rocking Chair
Energy to a
Practical and
Amusing
Purpose.



The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.

The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.

The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.

The camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness. The beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.



Below: The Camera Caught the Beetle Red-Handed. The Beetle was seen to be working on the plant, and the camera caught the beetle in the act of making its harness.



USED CARS



HOMETOWN CHEVROLET COMPANY
BETTER USED CARS

GET A

Better Car NOW!

You will save money by trading in your old car now on a dependable used car. Your Chevrolet dealer has many fine values in *Guaranteed OK USED CARS* that will please you.

This Car
has been carefully checked
and reconditioned as shown
by (✓) marks below

Serial Number	Stock Number
RADIATOR	✓ BORN
MOTOR	✓ BATTERY
CLUTCH	✓ BODY
TRANSMISSION	✓ CLASPS
REAR AXLE	✓ FENDERS
STEERING	✓ TIRES
BEARS	✓ UPHOLSTERY
STARTING	✓ FLOOR MATS
LIGHTING	✓ LUBRICATION

Guaranteed OK
By Your Chevrolet dealer.
Price _____

**5 GOOD REASONS
WHY YOU SHOULD BUY
A GOOD USED CAR NOW**

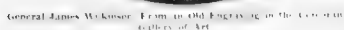
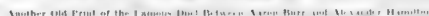
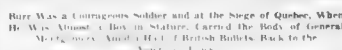
- 1 You can save money on the expense of your old car by trading it in on a *Guaranteed OK* used car now.
- 2 You will have a car that will stand up and not require a winter drive.
- 3 You will have a car that will start on cold mornings.
- 4 You will save further depreciation on your old car by trading it in now.
- 5 You can get the best value of the year in *Guaranteed OK* used cars from your Chevrolet dealer now.

BUY WHERE MILLIONS ARE BUYING

OVER 5,000,000 PEOPLE bought used cars from Chevrolet dealers in the United States in the last 3 years.

See **YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER**

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History
By H. BEDFORD-JONES

[illegible][illegible]

(continued on Page 18)

Don't take
needless risks with
CHEST COLDS



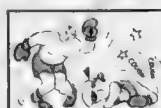
Relieve their misery
this *Proved* way

[illegible][illegible]

But came lightly to his feet, tousled hair and tanned face all vibrant.

"My army! Tomorrow night I light the torch that awakes the West like a flame! Everything awaits my word! I have hesitated, but now I know it must be given."

"If you have hesitated, you

[illegible]

LET **PERTUSSIN** SMAC

THAT COUGH

PERTUSSIN
—Large Trial Bottle for 10—
Newkirk & Rade, Inc., Dept. AM 19 16
Washington 25, D.C. Please send
me a Large Trial Bottle of Pertussin
I enclose 10c.
Name _____

Scalp Deviled
with
ITCH

Get real relief *fast* with this wonderful double remedy. Soothes itchy soles in removing dandruff, helps promote lustrious hair growth. No Nails at nail salons. \$4.15. Available at: Community Dept. & Martin, Sta.

CUTICURA SOAP.

WISH I COULD GET A DECENT JOB

WISH I COULD AFFORD TO DRESS BETTER

WISH I COULD AFFORD A NEW CAR

WISH I COULD MAKE MORE MONEY

WISH I COULD GET OUT OF DEBT

WISH I COULD AFFORD TO STEP OUT A BIT

WISH I COULD AFFORD TO SUPPORT A WIFE

STOP Dreaming START Earning

These Men Turned Dreams into Cash! Read their Experiences



Chief Operator Broadcasting Station

"When I completed 20 lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMP, where I am now Chief Operator."—HOLLIS F. HAYES, 32 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.

\$200 to \$300 a Month in Own Business

"For the last 18 months I have been in business for myself, making between \$200 and \$300 a month. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field."—ARLE J. FROHNER, 224 W. Texas Ave., Groes Creek, Texas.



\$80 Monthly in Spare Time

"I work on Radio part time, still hold my regular job. Since enrolling for my spare time, I have averaged around \$80 every month."—JOHN B. MORRIS, 677 E. 69th St., Manchester, N. H.



Service Manager for Four Stores

"In a few months I made enough to pay for the course three or four times. I am now Radio service manager for the M. Furniture Co. for their four stores."—JAMES F. EVAN, 1535 Slide St., Fall River, Mass.



Over \$1,000 Before Graduating

"Before completing half the course I was servicing sets, and I made \$1,000 before graduating. I am now doing Radio service work for myself."—ASHLEY G. ALBRIDGE, 1224 Shepherd St., Petersburg, Va.



J. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute Established 1914

The man who has directed the home study training of more men for the Radio Industry than any other man in America.

Learn to Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a Week I will train you at home for good spare time and full time JOBS IN RADIO

holding good jobs in these branches of Radio. Read their letters in my book. Mail the coupon.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Find Out What Radio Offers You Get My 64-Page Book Free

Many Radio Experts Make \$30, \$50, \$75 a Week

Radio already gives good jobs to more than 300,000 people. And in 1937 Radio enjoyed one of its most prosperous years. Now 24,000,000 homes have one or more Radio sets and more than 5,000,000 autos are Radio equipped. Every year millions of these sets are replaced with newer models. Millions more need servicing, new tubes, repairs, etc. A few hundred \$30, \$50, \$75 a week jobs have grown to thousands.

Get Ready Now For Jobs Like These

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to \$5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as \$200 to \$500 a year—full time jobs with Radio jobbers, manufacturers and dealers, as much as \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Many Radio Experts own and operate their own full time or part time Radio sales and service businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to \$5,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay, see the world besides. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, loud speaker systems are newer fields offering good opportunities. Television promises to open many good jobs soon. Men I trained are

Almost every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs, how to cash in quickly. Throughout your training I send you plans and ideas that have made good spare time money—from \$200 to \$500 a year—for hundreds of fellows. I send you special Radio equipment, show you how to conduct experiments and build circuits, illustrating important Radio principles. My training gives you PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE while learning.

I Also Give You This Professional Servicing Instrument



Here is the instrument every Radio Expert needs and wants—a Professional All-Wave, All-Purpose Set Servicing Instrument. It contains everything necessary to measure A.C. and D.C. voltages and current; to test tubes, resistance; adjust and align any set, old or new. It satisfies your needs for professional

servicing after you graduate—can help you make extra money servicing sets while training. Act today. Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It points out Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my training in Radio and Television; shows you letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; shows my Money Back Agreement in which I agree to refund every penny you pay if you are not satisfied with my Lesson and Instruction Service when you finish. Find out what Radio offers YOU! MAIL THE COUPON in an envelope, or paste it on a postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
Dept. 8AB
National Radio
Institute
Washington, D. C.

MY BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

GOOD FOR A FREE COPY

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8AB National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio Experts. (Please Print or Write Plainly.)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



The Tested Way to Better Pay



Maurice J. Tobin
MAYOR OF BOSTON

ELECTED NOVEMBER 2, 1937

INAUGURATED JANUARY 3, 1938